

# PATHFINDER



1965

# PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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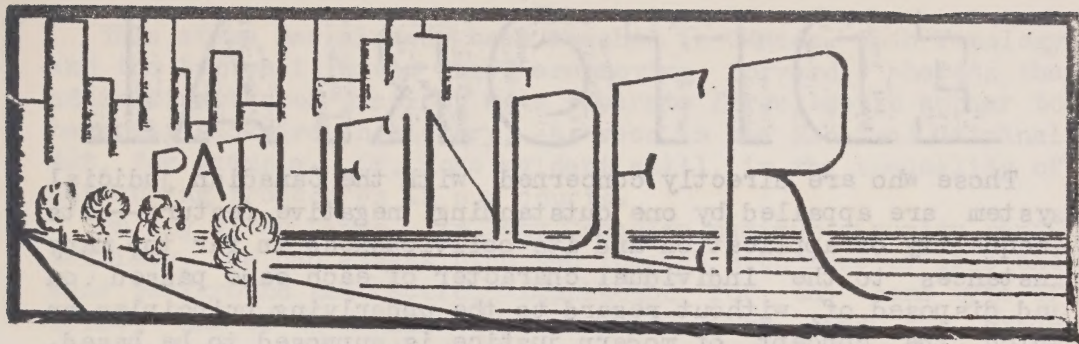
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# EDITORIAL

Those who are directly concerned with the Canadian judicial system are appalled by one outstanding negative feature—its inequality of application and its obliviousness in far too many instances to the individual character of each case passed on and disposed of, without regard to the underlying principles on which the concept of modern justice is supposed to be based.

The humane factor had been duly considered over two thousand years ago, when Roman law incorporated the principle that the ultimate goal of justice was not punishment, for the sake of punishment itself, but confinement for the protection of Society. It was stated, in that relatively remote era, that a criminal must develop a change in outlook, and this would make him acceptable to Society if he were prepared to respect the code and conventions laid down for the protection of this Society.

In reading these lines, we get the impression that we are examining a report advocating a new approach to the problem of rehabilitation—in our day and as something startlingly new.

All through the ages, through the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, to a low peak in the Dark Ages and the bilge era of English justice, when a man could be hanged for 158 different offenses—including stealing a loaf of bread to feed his children—the world's thinkers and scholars have been preaching the same thing: the humane quality of justice and the importance of rehabilitation at work as a positive force.

Today, we are at the exact point that every student of social science and every psychologist reaches when he arrives at the conclusion, as a result of his own observations, that the meting of justice should be tempered both with mercy and an equitable process, and that man must respect the dignity of the nature of man, regardless of the bestiality to which some criminals resort to express their driving urges, the cruelty flavoring the predatory habits of the typical thief, or the coldbloodedness with which certain crimes are planned, for pure gain. They all arrive at the deduction that the primary purpose of an efficient system of justice should, at all times, be directed toward a constructive goal, rather than be a purely punitive setup.

This stage has already been reached in Canada. Both Penology and the National Parole Board are moving forward, whereas the administration of justice, as a separate force, would appear to be going backward in history, as seen in the Habitual Criminal Act, for example. Or, more evident still, in the inequality of sentencing procedures in our courts.

On any given range, in any Canadian maximum-security penitentiary, we can always find two inmates with more or less the same background and record, imprisoned for the same type of crime; one of them will be serving two years, and the other will be doing twenty for the same offense.

Many factors go into the mechanics of the disparate terms, including the availability of legal counsel, the financial situation of the accused, external pressure for or against him, and the attitude of a judge toward certain types of crime.

The problem is much worse with regard to the application of the Habitual Criminal Act, which in essence is merely an admission of defeat by Society. Today, the Habitual Criminal Act is rarely, if ever, invoked in the big cities of the East, whereas on the West Coast and in the Prairie Provinces, it is applied rather indiscriminately, and at times without sufficient justification, or morally valid cause.

Today, people talk about "Modern Penology." What modern penology? In 1764, Cesare Beccaria published a treatise on the then-new trend in the administration of justice. It was translated into English in 1880 by J.A. Farrer, under the title of CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS. Beccaria stood for a new school of thought, based on the humanitarian concepts of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Baron de le Brede de Montesquieu, Francois Voltaire, and most important of all, Jeremy Bentham. The main theme was contained in the underlying principle that a punishment should fit the crime, rather than the result of some judge's evil mood, prejudices, or emotional reaction to a particular offense.

Any improvement in the judicial system must come with legislation, but no country can legislate faster than the rate at which the public can absorb, unless it is a totalitarian state, or if it has a courageous government. Canada is not totalitarian, and our government has never been too bold.

We complain about the inequality of justice because we can see it around us. But we have no quarrel with the principle of justice. Our quarrel is with the mechanics of the thing.



# WARDEN'S MESSAGE



As the season of "Peace on earth, good will to all men" approaches, let us with humility reflect on the year which is closing, and prepare for the challenge of the New Year in a positive manner.

The year, which is nearly completed, leaves in each of us some things to be desired, which should become the basis for an adjustment in our thinking and our actions toward greatly improved aims and ideals for 1966.

The challenge of the years ahead parallels in many respects the birth we honour in this festive season; presenting simultaneously joy and anticipation, to attain the attributes of dignity and acceptability in the eyes of all men.

Let us dedicate ourselves to follow His example and help to make the lives of our fellow men just a little better off for having come in contact with us.

May I take this opportunity to wish each and every one a Merry Christmas and a Healthy and Happy New Year.



# INQUIRERS BEAT

CONDUCTED  
by  
Mike Barber



Parole is of primary concern not only to inmates who are serving time, but equally as much, in many cases, to their families.

The attitude of the inmate body to the problems associated with parole would, it seems to me, be a pertinent factor in assessing this phase of the rehabilitative program in its practical application.

A consensus of the subjective point of view lies in the following opinions.

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

## QUESTION:-

DO YOU THINK A PAROLE, WITH ITS PRESENT CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS IS EFFECTIVE AS A MEANS OF ASSISTING A MAN IN HIS RE-ADJUSTMENT TO SOCIETY?

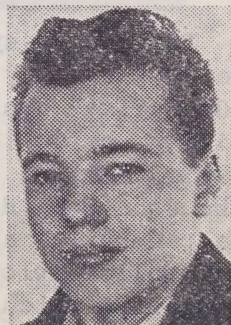
Cybuliak # 390

Such as the Canadian Parole system is, it would work only to a limited extent, but the present system leaves much to be desired.

The word "Parole," as defined by Webster, means "The freeing of a prisoner before his time is up, on his word of honor."

The conditions set down, as I understand them, are not too harsh, and the benefits obtained are great.

First, it must be understood that the inmate must want a change of life, and this of





course comes first in most things. By wanting this change, they will have to show the world, as well as the Parole Board, that they have changed. This, however, cannot be done under present conditions, simply because we are under, or are going through, a period that is best described as fumbling.

It is obvious that if a person wished a change, restrictions—no matter how severe—will not deter him. After all, he is under more restrictions here than he will ever be on the outside. Unfortunately, we see too many who should not be here, and too many who are kept here longer than they should be. Perhaps some amelioration in the system is in the offing. It is our hope that they will bear in mind that we are still humans and, as such, treat us accordingly, assuming that we can show that this is what we want to be. A little more trust in the inmate by those directly concerned, will go a long way toward solving the problem. The cost of any change should not be counted in dollars and cents, but in lives lost or saved.

Who can put a price on life?

OoooO00ooooO00ooooO00oooo

Don Kolc



The parole System today is still in the developmental stage, and the Parole Board would seem to be on the road to improving it.

It would seem to me that various versions of the basic system have one feature in common, and this could be applied to our own parole system. This would be the idea of doing away with the principle of remission and making parole mandatory in every case, allowing for the problem cases, of course, after serving half his term.

In such a system, any offense committed in prison would delay parole by the number of days he would have lost under the "Good-Time" system. Then, on reaching the date of parole eligibility, he would be released regardless of finances, job prospects, family, etc. Working with the Unemployment Commission, the John Howard Society and the Parole Board, he would be helped while making the required readjustment and until he is gainfully employed. This would make him responsible to and for himself, which is the real goal of parole.

A paroled inmate, under this system, would continue to



report and be under his supervisor for the remaining half of his term. This would let him live in Society, under supervision, for that part of his term that remains to be served, and this would help him acquire good work habits and a sense of social responsibility, and permit him to find a new circle of friends.

As it stands now, in my opinion, the Parole Board spends too little time considering the prisoner himself, and too much time considering the external factors and circumstances.

It is logical to believe that any rational man, with a little help, can work out his problems, but there is very little he can do behind these walls.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Ben Skoropat

In my opinion a parole under the present conditions and restrictions is helpful, but it loses its effectiveness by the conditions that are being followed by the Parole Board in granting the paroles. The practice of minimum parole for any inmate is defeating its purpose by making the short length of time on the outside not worth the cost if the parole is broken. A man being discharged needs help if he intends to remain out, and conditions should be held at a more practical level with association and steady employment being the only restrictions in most cases. The Parole Board should lose the attitude that an offender must be punished a certain amount before they will grant a parole. A parole should not be considered as a reward the way it seems to now, but should be automatic unless refused at one third of a man's sentence. At some time in every man's term there is a time when he can and will accept a parole and make a sincere effort to uphold it. The secret must be to find that time for each inmate.



It would seem that a parole is the testing ground for the attitude of the released inmate and the society to which he is released. Society will welcome him—perhaps not too warmly, at first—provided that he pay the price of admission, which is the decision to conform to the code and conventions laid down by this society for its own protection. As for the inmate, he can prove by his behavior that he is willing to pay this price.

Graham Lilburn

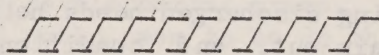


I think, a parole with its present restrictions is only partially effective in assisting a man to readjust to society. The condition that a man must have a job, even if it is only for the duration of the parole helps to instill good work habits and association. There are many things equally as important as the conditions and restrictions of a parole for an individual's readjustment to society. Such as trade training, schooling, speaking courses, group and individual therapy

and pre-release.

The present system of carefully selecting parole applicants does little good as the individuals would probably make a good readjustment to society without the benefits of parole and its restrictions. It amounts to a reward for good behaviour.

I believe if the parole system could be altered to include the not so secure applicant. And with the present conditions and restrictions and a longer time on parole. It would go a long way in reducing the ever growing ranks of recidivists in the Canadian penitentiaries.



#### TURNOVER OF EDITORS

Billy Peacock who, since he took over the editorship of PATHFINDER ten months ago, has brought the magazine to a new high level, has resigned as of the last issue. The pressing need of time, to attend to long-delayed studies, forced him to make the decision.

During the transition phase, while the new editor was being acclimatized to the responsibility, I felt obligated to assume the responsibility of putting out this Holiday issue.

The new editor, Bob Reid, has helped out in the past, and even before the resignation of Billy Peacock, he had agreed to fill in the post vacated by Gerry Huppe, as Sports Editor.

Bob Reid is well known to the inmate body. He is a knowledgeable and personable young man, and is quite suited for the job.

Good luck to the new editor.



CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN  
CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Once again we will celebrate the coming of a Savior who has come to bring on earth, along with his redemption, peace to men of good will, and also the joy of the Lord himself.

The joy we are speaking of, this "Joy in the Lord", is no continual round of pleasure. It is not that cheerfulness and gaiety which is dependent on circumstances, temperament, or earthly well-being. It is a joy that is hidden in the silence of the heart. It is there even in the midst of earthly pain and distress. It is a joy which wholly transforms a man, giving him a calm serenity and countenance. Worldlings notice this and are amazed. How can this man be so happy and serene when he is in such trouble? This calm joy which shines forth from his face is the outward sign of the grace that is his. His is a lasting joy. He does not pass from the height of joy to the depths of despair. He is always himself, always the same, He may not give vent to loud raucous laughter, but from his eyes, from his expression, there shines an inward joy and peace that the world is powerless to give.

It was that kind of joy Christ intended to bring to all mankind and it is that very kind of joy I wish to bring to you all for this Christmas

Rev. Gaudet

# GAVEL CLUB

On October 27, the Per Se Gavel Club # 85 held its annual banquet in this institution. Invitations were extended to the City Toastmasters and Toastmistresses clubs and also to various other people from P.A. so that they could see what the inmates in the club are trying to accomplish. The turnout was extremely satisfying to the club members as it showed the interest that was taken in our group. On behalf of the club members as president I made the Opening Speech of Welcome to the guests. Speaking for the Institution, Ass. warden Fowler spoke highly of the effort on Mr. Vince McLeod's part to build the club to the heights it has achieved. The Chairman of the evening, Marvin Greene, who did an excellent job of juggling the times, turned the meeting over to Emile Zarbatany for the table topic session. Emile set the tone for this part by arranging some fast repartee with a couple of members and then went into the Topics. Combined with Layton Price's jokes, this completely relaxed the meeting and the topics were well received and handled. If you wish to run for election, Mrs. Dunning, we'll vote for you. A short social break was called and then we started the formal portion of the meeting. Our first speaker, doing his #4 speech, Lymon Brown spoke on Juvenile Delinquents. And as usual it was a pleasure to sit and listen to his expressive voice.

Then giving his # 10 in the style of a formal lecture Gerry Aubertin spoke on Dr. Viktor Frankl and his theory of Logotherapy. An excellent speech and well received as he won the "Best Speaker of the Evening" Award. Al Vidlin spoke next on the possibilities of war and did an excellent job for a # 8 speech, titled - Today - War; Tomorrow - Destruction.

Our next speaker was a Toastmaster from uptown Mr. Norman Krivoshen who gave an extremely humorous account of club meetings and committees.

Vern Levy gave a talk on the advantages of a Diefenbaker



gout, which in this locale was very well received. Finally I closed the formal speeches with an impromptu speech on slavery in Ancient Egypt. Mr. Orville Katz, as chief Evaluator, gave an excellent review of the meeting as a whole and then called on Mr. Harold Reid, who expressed thanks on behalf of the outside Toastmasters for the invitations and commented on the calibre of the work being done by the Gavel Club. I know the meeting was enjoyed by the club members and from comments received feel that the outsiders enjoyed themselves thoroughly. At this time in behalf of the club I would like to extend our sincere thanks to Father Gaudet and Mr. Royal for their help and to those inmates, who although they are not members of the club, put a tremendous amount of work into making the banquet a hit.



The photo at the left shows Warren Kellough, President of the PERSE GAVEL CLUB, at a high point during the speech he delivered at the banquet.

Warren is the second member—since the club was founded four years ago—to have completed the basic training program. The other member to have accomplished this, Vern Levy, is the Club's past president.

# Synopsis of a Heritage

stephen b. marshall

He walks alone and forgotten  
And screams with rage and frustration,  
As this jungle of sin and corruption closes in on him.  
He asks. . . of who? . . . himself? . . . the world? Oh yes!  
Where are you going? Where will you stop? Do you know?  
For I, myself, can only guess.  
Who wants to change? "Not me," he cries.  
But I will stay and live in dreams;  
So fill my glass and leave me be,  
To walk alone and forgotten until I die.

The hectic merry-go-round of everyday living of today's society is a blemish on the image of what man purportedly represents. Everything, every walk of life, is a big sell. Public relations. A flashy Colgate smile, a hearty slap on the back and nobody gets hurt.

Democracy. Socialism. Brotherhood. All apt and articulate phrase coinage for the appeasement of the public eye. Yes we have all these. What we do not have is the dedication needed to realize these virtues. Where did we lose this dedication? Is it being lost in the world five card stud political poker, win, draw or that's the breaks but better luck next time policy? Perplexing questions mulled around and speculated on by equally perplexed minds.

Freedom and integrity being slashed and kicked in the teeth by the ugly and sophisticated "materialism" eking slowly and, because we are so unaware, yet at an astonishing rate into the life blood of our heritage. The almighty dollar dictates the standard of living. It denies the rights of man's pursuit of personal happiness, equality and liberty. "Justice shall prevail", a highly touted concept of man's integrity which is slowly being eaten away by the ravenous cancer of King Dollar.

And what of individualism, the social theory that favors the rights of the individual? It too has been caught up by the blind stigma of conformity. The unstable everchanging ideals into which we exuberantly leap, entranced by a passing fancy



that stimulates momentarily and leaves one drained, yet wanting.

The seemingly inadvertent fallacy of people today is the inability to communicate. Too much emphasis is being placed on the defecation of material prestige that we are losing sight of the understanding and appreciation of the more simple comforts of life. Motivated by the colossal fear of being seen for what we really are, we put on an air of sophistication to hide our vulnerability. We criticize and condemn others for their failings, also with the knowledge that they are adulterated. Eagerly seeking to judge, but quailing from being judged.

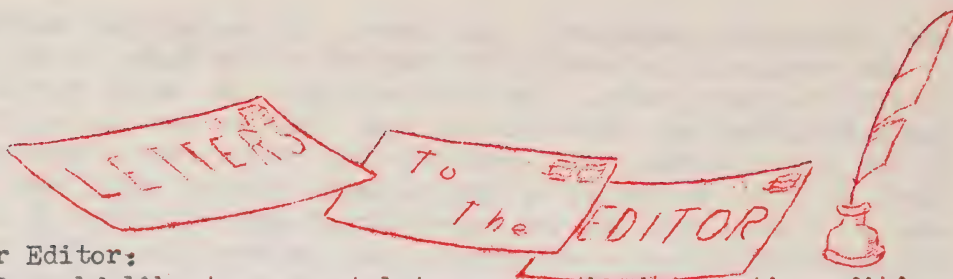
Mankind is not a modern invention, this evolution has transpired with the passing of hundreds of thousands of years. And yet, where are we? Still only a tiny step removed from the cave. And although within the last and present generation his ingenuity has led to impressive advances in the fields of mechanical science, man still cannot comprehend his basic self. Probing the vast and infinite sanctuary of outer space, while it would seem intentionally avoiding the search of his inner being.

What's to become of his newly discovered knowledge and the obsession to dominate and control life itself?

Through a glazed eye we can only look back through time and past generations and conclude that history has an offense habit of repeating itself. Unforgiving interruptions by the vicissitudes of war and its repulsive aftermath have swayed and even deleted man's moral and cultural progress. Whole civilizations rich in culture and highly advanced in knowledge of both the ideal and practical have vanished. Annihilated by the destruction of war born of greed and selfishness; cited by tyrants with an overwhelming desire to conquer and dominate regardless of cost or sacrifice.

Today the ever present thought of war, lurking in the dark abysses of the semi-conscious mind, holds a greater significance than ever before in the periodicals of time. With the harnessing of the atom and the devastating result, the destruction in the nuclear bomb, the loneliness and insecurity of the younger generation, tomorrow's leaders if there is a tomorrow, is understandable.

And of the pathetic poetic prose of the lost soul who futilely cries, "Where are you going? where will you stop? Do you know?" and sinks into the stupor of resignation and rejection; can we really blame him?



Dear Editor:

I would like to congratulate you on the interesting editions of PATHFINDER . . . I enjoyed the discussion on the Habitual Criminal Act . . . and on recidivism . . . An old proverb says that prevention is better than a cure, and a question comes to mind: "What might have been done—by parents, schools, church, community organizations—to prevent chaps getting in trouble in the first place?" . . . Perhaps Mike Barber could make some inquiries . . . and come up with some ideas which could be of guidance for those of us, outside the walls, who are concerned with prevention, as well as helping those who have got into trouble. With every good wish for the success of your magazine. Edmonton, Alberta. . . . . Rev. Don Mayne, Minister.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed \$1.00. Send your magazine . . . Found your mag interesting.

Windsor, Ont. S. Lucier

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Sir:-

Received my copy of PATH-FINDER today. I'm sure I'm getting my copy late. You have my address wrong. It should read . . .

Thank you. I am enjoying your magazine very much.

Saskatoon, Mrs. G. Caron

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Dear Editor:

I used to read PEN-O-RAMA when St. Vincent de Paul had a magazine. I find yours better. Montreal, Que. Mrs. G. Condon.

Dear Editor:

The thought came to me many times that there may be a way for "ex-cons" to keep the "ex" in front. I read about a deal called "Handicaps, incorporated." Such a deal for, and by, "Ex-cons" would mean at least a man could have a place to work, and with people as you say that can "talk his language."

In a way, I hated to see Doug Bevans go, for I enjoyed his writing very much. I shall look forward to reading his book. I too aspire to write and it's not all roses out here.

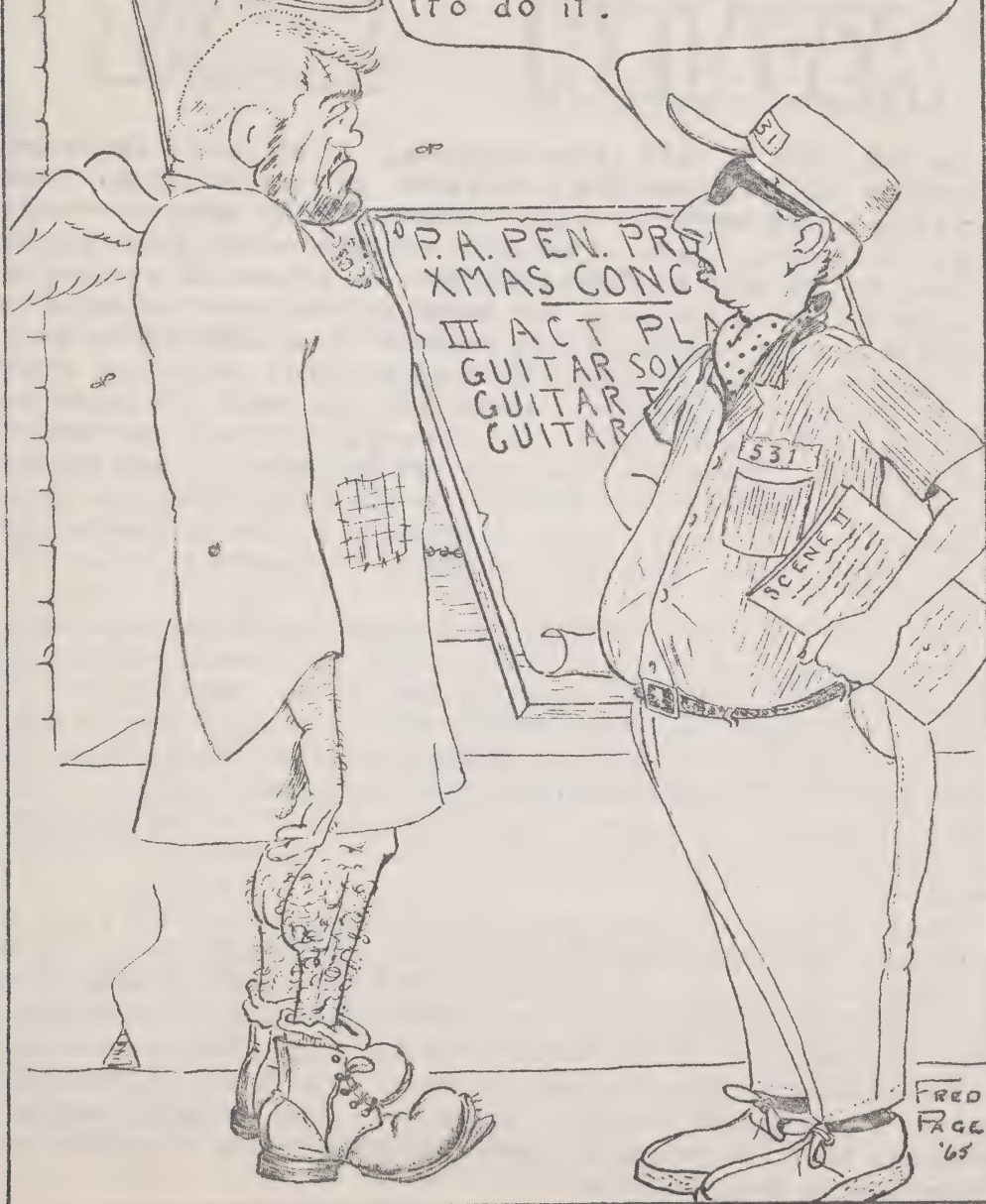
Good Luck, Doug. . .

Debden, Sask.; J. A. McDonald.



BUT THE PART IS  
YOU MAN!

(Besides somebody has  
to do it.)



FRED  
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# LET'S ABOLISH XMAS

earl  
griffin

As the title of this piece suggests, I am not a Christian man—nor do I embrace the principles of any religion. Some Christian characteristics may be apparent in my make-up—humility, tolerance, love of beauty, respect—but these may be noticed in the most confirmed heretic. As a token of respect to my long-suffering fiancée, our marriage vows were exchanged in a church and our offspring duly baptized there. Apart from that, my association with religion has been confined to a close study of the Bible—a monumental volume that can stand alongside the Giants of Literature solely on literary merit and grammatical construction. Where in the English language can we find the equal of Chronicles 11, wherein the quality of charity is so beautifully described? Or the simplicity of the affirmation of faith that is the Twenty-third psalm? We need not believe to enjoy.

The birth of Christ heralded a new era in religion. The long-awaited savior had arrived. (His death is remembered by all Christians with solemn services at Easter. We are not certain of the exact date, so we observe Easter Friday (or good Friday) as the Friday before the first Sunday after the first full moon after Epiphany.) Some scholars will argue that the date of his birth is somewhat obscure, but it is generally accepted (those of the Greek Orthodox faith are notable exceptions) as December twenty-fifth.

Those of us who are not Christians have no more right to celebrate Christmas than we do the birth of Confucius, Buddha or William Penn. More in keeping with the beliefs of many of us here would be a celebration on each anniversary of The Great Train Robbery, or on the birth of Fagin or Ben Turpin, or hold a Day of Remembrance for our brothers who have fallen in the War we wage against Society. I was well into my teens before I realized that the proceeds from Poppy Day weren't used to reclaim fallen drug addicts.



Christmas has degenerated into a Christian Yom Kippur—a Day of Atonement. We celebrate this holiday, not as the birth-life of one of Mankind's most discussed men, but as a time to make amends for what we were the rest of the year. During the last ten days of December, everyone adopts an attitude of cheerful bonhomie. The neighbor you hardly spoke to all year rates a hearty hello and is welcome in your home to share in toasts to a Merry Christmas. Our children are treated to myriad nutritious sweets and an abundance of useless toys that are shattered before the week is out. Merchants chuckle with glee at mounting sales, hardly realizing the Christian charity that prompted many a wild shopping spree will not be in evidence when he tries to collect in mid-January. Wine flows freely, great feasts are prepared and over-enjoyed, former Christmases are fondly remembered. The current one is never like "they used to be." Of course, it is not. We are too preoccupied to remember even what it is we are celebrating. We are celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ, and if the number of men who attend church here is any indication of the number of Christians we have among us, then I am afraid we are accepting this holiday under the falsest of pretenses.

I say do away with Christmas. Substitute something more in keeping with our way of life—National Hypocrisy Week might be nice, since we celebrate a Christian holiday without evincing any of their habits. It's a thought.

Rather than spend one week each year being nice to each other and making up for the way we acted the rest of the time, why not declare ourselves one way or another. We can be miserable all year or good fellows—either way, Christmas will be superfluous.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

#### STATISTICS FOR OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1965

|                                       |                        |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Admitted on Warrant of Committal...88 |                        |
| Transferred from Other Institutions.3 | Farm Annex..... 89     |
| Released on Expiration of Sentence.51 | Main Institution...707 |
| Released by Court Order..... 1        | Other Registry..... 14 |
| Released by Parole.....19             | Total on               |
| Transferred to Other Institutions.. 5 | Registry.....810       |

As of November 30, 1965

Via THE DIAMOND, Collins Bay, Ont.

George Street, chairman of the National Parole Board, reported recently that in six years, to the end of 1964, a total of 12,389 prisoners had been granted parole—only 1206 of whom later had their paroles revoked. This 90 % success rate argues strongly for some enlargement of the parole system.

Via THE SEAGOZETTE, Seagoville, Texas.

Greenland is a country without prisons, and there are no plans to build any. The present legal system in Greenland provides such punishment as being "sentenced to education" for a crime. Henning Broendstad, departmental head of the Danish Ministry for Greenland Affairs, says that even in the distant past, "emphasis was put on individual treatment to discover the cause of the crime and try to remove it," rather than just simple punishment.

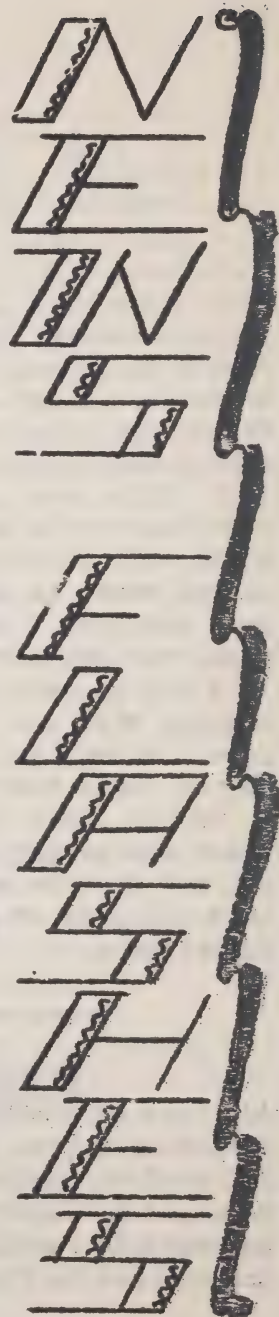
NEW TYPE OF WRIT, Penal Press.

A seventeen-year-old Clearwater, Florida, prisoner sent a penciled petition to Judge McNulty requesting a "Writ of Habeas Escapus." He asked for a "license to escape" . . . If the court will allow the petitioner to leave (the prison) by any means, the prisoner will not put the State to any more expense. The youth had an unusual sense of humor, but the judge wouldn't go for the writ.

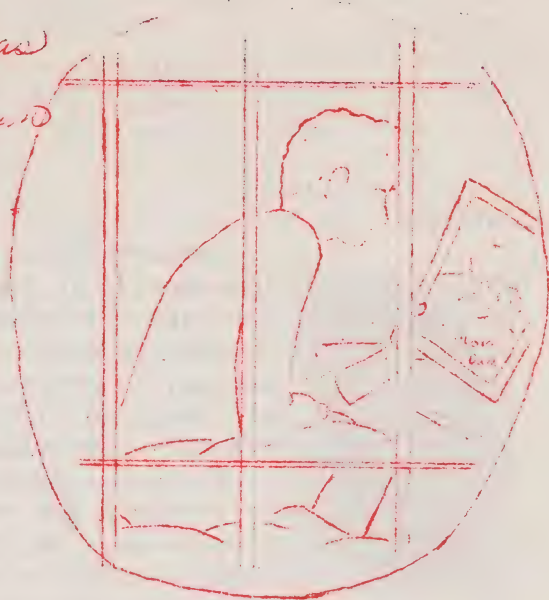
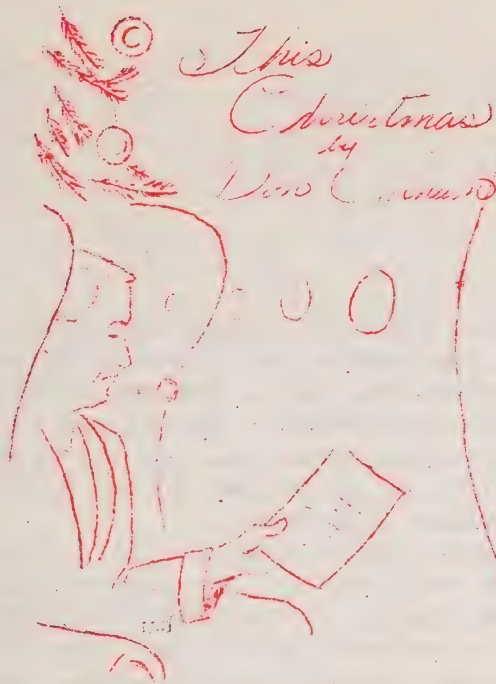
Via THE REFLECTOR, Pendleton, Indiana.

"TOUGH CONS TO HELP SICK CHILD"

A group of tough convicts has reached through prison walls to help a child. The men, members of Convicts Anonymous, serving time in Michigan State Penitentiary, have pledged an unlimited supply of blood for five-year-old John Morton, victim of VanGerkes Disease.







Mistletoe—the fireplace—merrily blazing—  
Gathered round, is the family—a bond is felt,  
A deep need for peace—  
That drew them from all corners of this great country.

The children are playing—sitting in a close group,  
The older ones are talking—yet something is missing.  
Mom and Dad look across the room and catch each others eye,  
A tear—A heartbreak—they knew.

If only their son was home tonight,  
This could be a perfect Christmas.  
But that is not the way it is,  
Have heart—a smile for the rest.

They both hope that maybe he will be present,  
Before the two of them pass on.  
And that their son will be able to spend,  
One more Christmas at home with them.

A

## FATEFUL

## DAY

al vidlin



January 30th, 1933 is a day that will be remembered in the annals of inhuman history from now into eternity. It is the day mankind brought decadence and madness, murder and suffering, slavery and oppression, to the level of civilized life. It is the day Adolph Hitler was made Chancellor of Germany.

We tend always in viewing the Third Reich to overlook the real truth of the horrors that took place. We gasp, but not loudly or feelingly enough. We tear our hair, but not in realistic remorse. We wail for the dead, but more as a civic or moral duty than from true mourning. The reason is not detrimental to the world. It is because the crimes, the bloodshed and the carnage was too great, too overpowering for the mere mortal to grasp. The things that happened during Hitler's reign in Germany will remain unparalleled forever, their horror may someday be equalled—perhaps in the southern United States—but it will never be surpassed.

We are filled with a nameless dread and an almost fanatical desire to avoid talking or even acknowledging to their fullest the scummy, horrible and inhuman actions that took place in the sanctified name of politics and under the banner of National Socialism. Part of the reason is because we are forced to carry part of the responsibility for those actions. Terrible though they were, the fact is that many if not all the major countries of the world knew what was going to happen to the Jews in Europe. We knew and we did nothing. That, above all, is the one thing that we can never accept, we can never really acknowledge our guilt. So we ignore it, pretend that it didn't happen or, if it did, that it could never happen again.

It did happen and we should never forget it happened for a moment. This man, this Adolph Hitler, was a monster in human



form who chose the one perfect moment to disgrace mankind, the one moment among thousands that was truly made for him and him alone. What did he do? why did he do it? He murdered 6,000,000 men, women and children. They died crying for mercy, and their was none. Little boys and girls died screaming for their mothers and fathers, who were already dead. Children of all ages felt the bloody steel of the bayonet, the smashing impact of the bullets, the strangling blanket that was the gas. They died alone and in agony. They did nothing to deserve it except in being born. Hitler made them disappear. He said he would and we ignored him. He warned us and we turned our backs on six-million people. Turned our back on them and left them to a more horrible death than we can ever hope to imagine.

Some of our more calloused or inhuman humans today have passed this hugest of massacres off as something bad or of no personal consequence. The almost familiar quotation today is; "Well, they were only Jews." Jesus Christ was a Jew too! I wonder why we don't say that about him? Where is the difference?

Other people tell us the war is over; that it would be better to forget what happened in Auchwitz, Dachau, Treblinka, Belsen and the rest. BETTER TO FORGET? How do you forget? Tell me and I'll tell you you're either a liar or crazy or both. We never forget, not today not any day, the best that the worst of us can manage is to ignore it. And that is as bad as forgetting.

Hitler was a man surrounded by men. He was a leader and massive orator. But, to be a leader you must have people willing to be led. He led the German people into war, and he led Us, the rest of the world, the rest of humanity, into the oblivion of eternal and everlasting disgrace. We were led by Hitler as much as any German was ever led. We were led to hell and lower.

His thousand year reich was our platform for degradation. It is our eternity of shame. We allowed the unspeakable atrocities of World war II and by allowing them we have lost forever our goodness and our nobility. Adolph Hitler is gone, but the gift of inhumanity that he left with us will never disappear. man will never be able to call himself human again.

It is up to us the freedom loving Nations, to see that those men, women and children did not die in vain. Let us climb out of the Hell on Earth we have created for ourselves! So that we may look upon each other as brothers. Let there be goodwill and friendship and let there be peace. AND LET THERE BE PEACE!



*Circulation*

Gary Mack

*Editor*

Mike Barber

*Photographer*

Freddy Shatford





*Sports Editor*  
Bob Reid

*Typist*  
Gerry Leblanc

*Artist*  
Freddy Page

On  
the  
Q.T.



OVERHEARD: J.G. Gagnon asking Freddie Shatford how he should look in a photograph being taken for PATHFINDER, to which Fred replied, "Although it will be a new act, try looking human."

OBSERVED: Billy Peacock had a little accident while watching the paint-spraying operation over on F Block. Seems that the painter was not aware he had an audience and, on the follow-through, caught Billy right in the kisser.

NOTED: Ben Skoropat could not see the humorous aspect of the situation when he was assigned to painting the cell bars—and this, after he had completed, with honors, the Painting and Decorating course.

REPORTED: Earl Shadow Goddard publicly stated that if anyone mistook him for a hocky stick again, he would give up the game.

GOSSIP: We heard that Art Rennie had a skit lined up for the Christmas concert that didn't get by the Censorship Board.

OPINION: If there were an award for deadpan comedy, it should go to Earl Griffin, who managed to straight-face it through a statement to the effect that he was only forty-three.

NO COMMENT SECTION: Roy Henderson was asked by the editor why he did not write the Farm Camp column this time, to which he replied, "How would you like to try to fill two pages reporting on the activities of a Glee Club and a drama group?"

QUESTION OF THE DAY: When will Tommy Tomlinson, who was seen wheezing around on skates, accept the inavitability of old age?



PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN  
CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

As I write these lines for the Christmas Issue of PATHFINDER Magazine, my calendar tells me that Christmas is over a month away. Yet, Christmas preparations are very much in evidence. This is good, because the week ahead can be used to advantage. Anything that is worth while requires a period of preparation, and Christmas should not be an exception to the rule. The world was being prepared for the birth of Jesus Christ for centuries, yet when He was born, there was no room for Him.

"He came unto His own, and  
His own received Him not."

As we prepare for Christmas, and in whatever way we observe that time, let us try to make this a Christmas with the emphasis on "Christ."

May I take this opportunity of extending to all the readers of PATHFINDER my very best wishes for a Blessed and Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year of 1966.

Canon R.J. Rainbow

# ALBUM

*by Lloyd Loggans*

Cracked, dusty;  
Forgotten on cluttered shelf  
Slowly, hesitantly;  
I reach with shaky hands;  
To touch, to pick up;  
This reminder of times gone by.

The cover, turned,  
Reveals, worn discolored photographs.  
Loved, loving,  
Friends that filled a better life.  
Sometimes painful, sometimes glad;  
To ponder these remembered years.

Pictures, many;  
At the end, I stop to reminisce;  
A tree, decorated;  
I celebrate a Christmas past.  
Gifts, good cheer;  
Fill a crowded, family filled room.

A child, laughing;  
Sits trusting on his father's knee.  
Happiness, pride;  
This boy, my son, a parent's joy.  
Content, relaxed;  
My wife sits near, lovingly.

Love, courage;  
Made her forgive my fateful deeds.  
Hope, Belief;  
Give meaning to the life ahead.  
Love, understanding;  
Again and forever, will be ours to share.





## //// JAIL BIRDS ///

fred stevenson

Being a steady customer around here for the past decade gives me some authority to speak on the subject of "Jailbirds." So I say, "Why in hell don't they all go south in the winter-time, like the rest of the birds?"

I mean the little feathered rascals who prefer to dwell in this mad jumble of steel and stone, instead of the other surroundings hereabouts, which would be a more suitable environment for them. Like birdhouses, or places like that.

This is something for the It-happens-every-time department; come five in the wee hours of the morning, and you're awakened from a bad dream you're having about being free or something, and the commotion in the Dome is terrible. This is the time of the day, it seems, when all the sparrows in Saskatchewan gather in the prison dome to see how much noise they can make. Actually, it's impossible to go back to sleep, so you decide to try to weather the storm, seeing that you have no choice.

The sun takes a jump with every curse you utter, and you long to be back on the farm, where you only had to listen to a couple of blood-curdling rooster doodles before breakfast.

However, the bell soon announces the start of your daily routine. It's out to a strenuous day in the shop, and back in at noon for lunch. Ah! Blessed is the moment when you realize the chance to catch up on some of that snooze you lost this morning, and you quickly fall into a half-slumber, barely conscious of that odd flutter of feathers as a congregation gathers on the window in front of your cell.

You fall asleep, unaware that just outside your bars, the daily "Birderhood" meeting is taking shape.

"Lord, help us survive the period prior to the opening of the meeting. It's only twice as bad as a Ladies Convention at teatime. But we know it's beyond your scope to aid us, when the chairman finally arrives to open the ceremony.

Needless to say, there goes your nap, and the divinity of language which was directed your way. Something like this:

"Shoo! Shoo! You little Beepers!"

Most of the time the reaction is just a sputter of chirps.

"Oh, well," you mutter. "What's another sleepless hour?" And

you return to the shop, enlightened by the thought that there won't be any jabbering to put up with tonight. So, in the evening, you return to your quarters with this happy thought in mind. You open your door and immediately something seems amiss. Bird droppings on the furniture! You grit your teeth and take a slow count to nine. . . .

"Well," you say, bewilderedly. "Maybe you can't blame the birds too much, cause whoever designed these cells made them look like birdhouses. They're equally pint-sized, and that ole tobacco box you use for a lamp shade--what a fine roosting spot it offers." So you resolve not to take any drastic action, on account of reasoning that it's not really the designer, nor the birds, that are to blame, but yourself--for being here!

And now that we're on roosting spots, it's easy to locate headquarters--Central Dome, the busiest section of the prison.

You'll find birds galore there. Chattering happily amidst the steel girders and skylights high above you.

If you take a notion to investigate this fact for yourself, I hasten to warn you. Keep your mug closed down when you look up, unless you'd like to find out the flavorability of digested garbage and insects.

It's also a risky process trying to cut across the dome with your meal tray. Especially without a cap on, because you're leaving yourself open to snipers above, who delight in using you as a target for some possible misfortune. Need I tell you?

Anyway, if you ever experience such a turn for the worst, don't fuss, because you can't do anything about it. I just hope you'll be thoughtful enough to open the right drawer of the desk in Central Dome and say, "Hey, Birdie, there's something in this drawer you can use."

Birds here are so plentiful and everpresent that I sometimes suspect they are trained to watch and report our every move! It's no wonder that you find yourself in Warden's Court, and you ask, "How d'ja find out?"

The reply? Well--"Oh, a little bird told me."

By the look of things, Jailbirds are here to stay because they serve as a deterrent to crime by gliding about here, a carefree and constant symbol of the freedom we should have.

I think that when I die, and there's such a thing as re-incarnation, I'll ask Satan to return me to earth as a sparrow.

IMAGINE ALL THE SWELL ROOSTING SPOTS TO CHOOSE FROM.



# JOKES

## A STRAIGHT STEAL FROM "STRAY SHOTS"

ONE HILLBILLY TO ANOTHER: "I don't know how you feel about this 'War on Poverty,' but I'm fighting back."

Two chaps were talking. One said, "Today, I got a French poodle for my wife."

The other replied, "That's wonderful! Where did you get such a magnificent trade?"

The day after the Alaskan earthquake, as I stood in line, waiting to purchase groceries, I chatted with the man behind me. I asked him where he had been at the time of the quake. In typical Alaskan spirit, he replied, "I was standing on the corner, watching all the streets go by."

Reading a premature announcement of his own death in the paper, Jones called his boss. "Did you see the story in this morning's paper?" he asked.

"Yes," the boss answered. "Where are you calling from?"

The National Donut Institute in Atlanta Georgia, announced that the hole in the donut will be a quarter of an inch smaller in 1966. The shrinking of the donut hole, the Institute said, was part of President Johnson's War-on-Poverty campaign.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: When asked by what judicious method the joke editor—who has no sense of humor at all, by the way—arrived at his selection of jokes, he explained that he merely thumbs through copies of the Penal Press, and whenever he sees a page with pretty girlies, he pauses to glance at the text. Every now and then, he spots a joke page.





# THE CRIME



Two husky, mean looking attendants dressed in black, viciously dragged the boy from the school, and towards the huge, dark slab of granite that rested in the centre of the village square.

The boy's screaming cries of protest brought merchants, housewives and children to windows and doors, and when they observed what was happening they hurried outside in gleeful anticipation. Soon a wild, shouting mob was gathered around the struggling trio.

Pushed roughly from behind, the boy stumbled onto the slab of bloody granite; then fell to his knees. A knee was jammed into the small of his back forcing him to lie flat. He could now feel the rough coarseness of the cold granite against his bruised and swelling face. Tears streamed from his pleading eyes as he begged for mercy. All he received in reply was jeering and coarse laughter from the crowd that had now swelled into a raging, blood lusting mob. He was spread-eagled and rusty chains that led from stout ring-bolts were shackled to his frail wrists and ankles. His clothing was then unceremoniously ripped from his quaking body.

Then came the horror. He was first whipped; till the once milk white skin lay in bloody tatters. Then came the rats, and then live coals, until the quivering mass of unrecognizable flesh lay still for the last time.

The masses were now silent, their lust having been satiated, they could now go back to the tasks they had left. As the crowd dispersed someone was heard inquiring as to why the boy was punished. They looked at him curiously and one of them spoke. "The fact that he was punished means he deserved it. We do not question why, we just accept."

On April 23rd, 1964, the gates of the Louisiana State Penitentiary opened for the first alcoholic inmate to be released under the auspices of the Big Brothers Plan. This plan, now operating in five other states, offers inmate members of A.A. post-release assistance of a type before unknown. After one full year of operation, fifty-nine inmates were released into the Big Brothers Plan. Only four of these have since returned. Of the fifty-nine, only three were first offenders. This would indicate that A.A. was responsible for these men having had a change of attitude and for giving them a new set of values to carry with them to the outside world.

Also during 1964, the gates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary opened for the first alcoholic inmate to be released under the Nor-Kel Sponsorship Plan. This plan, similar to the Big Brothers Plan, provides inmate members with immediate A.A. association on release. Still in the process of development and refinement, only a few inmates have been released since the plan was first introduced, making assessment difficult at this time.

On October 23rd, 1965, the doors of this institution opened for a number of outside A.A. members who are actively participating in sponsorship. They met with prison officials and Nor-Kel representatives in order to establish a clear-cut working relationship in the post-release field. This conference became the first institutional A.A. workshop of its kind in Nor-Kel's fifteen-year history. Following discussion of related business, subjects at this conference were (1) fears inmates entertain on release, (2) problems that must be overcome, (3) what an inmate expects of his sponsor and (4) what a sponsor expects of the inmate. Recovered former members of Nor-Kel were able to supply most of the answers related to these four basic topics.

The senior penitentiary official present, Deputy Warden John Norfield, said on behalf of the Administration, that the A.A. program was a major factor in motivating an inmate alcoholic to do something about his drinking problem. He revealed that Nor-Kel's basic Group Policy and its subsequent three-phase recovery plan (Novalco—Growth—Sponsorship) has brought A.A.'s effectiveness in this institution into line with the program's true spiritual principles. Men with a drinking problem are now able to receive help in true spiritual principles. Men with a

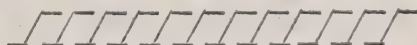


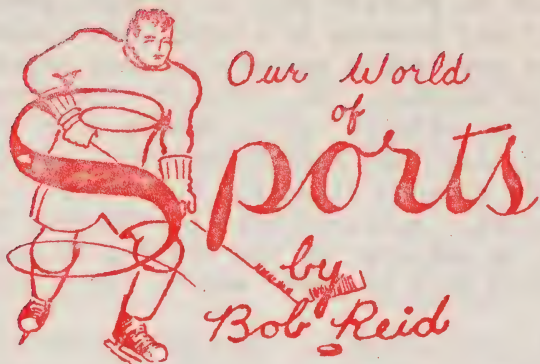
drinking problem are now able to receive help in an atmosphere conducive to self-improvement and growth. He stated that a minimum of 60 % of this prison's population suffers to some degree from alcoholism in one form or another. He further indicated official interest in Nor-Kel's affairs will deepen with the rate of the program's success, and that administrative cooperation is assured as long as the present standards continue.

Administrator Henry R. Jacobs, declared that our program is designed to assist an inmate to prepare for the future. He said that men join the group seeking help in their search for a better way of life.

Former members of Nor-Kel, now recovered through AA, stated, "Any inmate in this institution, whether he considers himself an alcoholic or not, can receive all the help he needs to stay out of trouble. In our experience we found that there is no such thing as an inmate waiting until he is released to mend his old negative way of living. Ignoring the help offered by AA is a clear indication that he has no intention of improving himself, especially when its now common knowledge that such a program can restore people to normalcy. We know these things about him as we were just like him. We too tried to pass ourselves off on society as poor, mistreated, creatures of the world until we decided to do something about our sad state ourselves. If he wants help, he can do the same as we did, pull up his socks and grow up." Many ex Nor-Kelites have their own groups on the outside.

Nor-Kel's recovery plan provides any inmate with a sound pattern for living. Sponsorship gives him the opportunity to acquaint himself with, and to correspond with a responsible member of AA on the outside. This outsider becomes his personal sponsor who, in the most cases, provides the understanding, counsel, and fellowship necessary to help him stay out of prison. The sponsor is the bridge that spans the chasm between those in the institution and the free world beyond the walls. The AA. program in this prison extends a life-time parole to any inmate who is willing to live up to its conditions upon release and, as many have already done, he will find these conditions easy to fulfill provided he is entirely honest with each of the twelve steps which lead him to success.





Basketball, the tall man's game, is once more on the scene. Old stars and new hopefuls can be seen converging on the local gym in their canvas-clad feet. At this writing, the hoop schedule is well under way and to everyone's surprise, including your's truly. What started out to be a tight league at the beginning of the season is rapidly turning into a two-team show. Andy Creighton's high-flying Lakers, paced by the play-making of Herb Holing, John Bedford, Jake Quiring, Ed Chalifour and Dale Newell, along with Red Derge's Colts, sparked by the starting line of Norm Roy, Henry Laliberte, Bottamer and Art Rennie, have all but closed the door on all hopes the other two teams may have had of taking top honors. The Lakers, after trifling with the third-place Trojans on their second-last outing, went on to swamp the cellar-dwelling Celtics 101-51, for their fourth win in a row. The Lakers' elusive hook-shot artist,

Dale Newell, and the League's Number One scorer with 47.6 points per game, bombed the Celtics for 56 points in this match. Plagued by a long run of nagging errors, the Celtic squad played good ball throughout with Jerry Cole, Roy Aney, Muir, Gary Hall, Wally Durocher and Aubuchant giving it their all, but the Lakers strong offense proved too much.

Meanwhile, the Colts' last encounter saw them paired against the Trojans. Spolador's starting five of Stevenson, Gene Groulx, Wally Mayfield, McKay and Gary Mack had their





hands full in this game, with Colt guard Norm Roy hitting on the long shots and Red Dergo dominating the backboards. The Trojans were hard pressed throughout the game. Trojan guards Gene Groulx and Gary Mack jumped up and down like yo-yos, blocked shots in great style, and the offensive playing of McKay and Stevenson was topnotch, but the fast break and hard press used by the Colts made the difference.

#### BASKETBALL LEAGUE STATISTICS TO DATE

| <u>TEAM</u> | <u>WON</u> | <u>P.F.</u> | <u>P.A.</u> | <u>PTS.</u> | <u>NAME</u> | <u>G.P.</u> | <u>P.S.</u> | <u>AVG.</u> |
|-------------|------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|             |            |             |             |             | NEWELL      | 6           | 262         | 43.6        |
|             |            |             |             |             | DERGO       | 4           | 103         | 25.6        |
|             |            |             |             |             | BEDFORD     | 6           | 90          | 15.0        |
| COLTS       | 5          | 376         | 349         | 10          | ROY         | 6           | 90          | 15.0        |
| LAKERS      | 4          | 497         | 299         | 8           | CREIGHTON   | 3           | 84          | 26.0        |
| TROJANS     | 2          | 309         | 380         | 4           | AUBUCHANT   | 6           | 83          | 13.8        |
| CELTICS     | 1          | 286         | 440         | 2           | STEVENSON   | 5           | 76          | 15.2        |
|             |            |             |             |             | MAYFIELD    | 6           | 70          | 11.6        |
|             |            |             |             |             | HALL        | 6           | 68          | 11.3        |
|             |            |             |             |             | BODAMER     | 6           | 52          | 8.6         |

#### BROOMBALL NOTES

Broomball, a sport not recommended for the weak of heart, short-on-wind or thin-of-shin type of athlete, put in a brief but entertaining appearance here a few weeks back. The game, not unlike hockey in some respects, proved to be—by our rules, at any rate—a combination of rugger, polo, lacrosse, football and the fifty-yard dash.

Played in the confines of the "B" Hockey rink, and using a soccer ball in lieu of a smaller object, the action—somewhat resembling The Charge of the Light Brigade—was fast and furious, with both offensive and defensive squads constantly on the run.

A line-up of five strong teams were entered in the league and a battle-royal from start to finish was in the offing. The 69'ers, led by Norm Roy, with fast capable ball handlers like Stan Bergen, Jake Quiring and Gary Mack on the roster, appeared to be the odds-on favorites to corner first place, with the 49'ers managed by John McIntosh, ably assisted by "Curly" Bob Stevenson, Art Remie and Gene Grills just to name a few, giving chase all the way and ending up in the second slot. Third and last play-off berth was up for grabs, with Lawrence Gariepy's

•  
 Canadians having a slight edge over Larry Murray's 99'ers and Jim Westlake's Change Room. Sharp players the likes of Kochan, George Gladue, Wayne Cowan, Wally Mayfield, Andy Crieghton, Jerry Chichak, Henry Laliberte, Eb Page and Ralph Aubuchant, plus a great many others, gave the fans sixty minutes of top-flight sport. All things considered, the game held promise of becoming one of the more exciting spectator sports to be viewed for quite some time. Unfortunately, after the third league game had elapsed, disaster struck. The main item of equipment, namely the broom, became extinct. Players suddenly found themselves wielding four foot sticks that resembled their former shape in name only. All the glue, wire, nails, tape and other splinting goods were of no avail and as toothpick size brooms with a quarter inch of brush just don't fill the bill, broomless ball, as we know it, came to a sudden end.

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#### ODDS AND ENDS

Hockey! Is about to get under way for what should be another great year. Bill "Kingfish" Evans, Hockey Commish for the 65-66 season, has informed me that three leagues will be in operation this round, rather than two as has been the case in the past. The extra teams provided via the new C League entries, he explained, will give all clubs in A and B much stronger farm systems, and at the same time afford the novice players the opportunity to improve their skills at a faster pace while playing under competitive conditions. The opening game is slated for the 26th and barring a chinook, all nine teams on the three divisions will be in high gear around the end of November.

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Volleyball! And I quote a Calgary Sports writer (is not as some people would believe "A game of Patty-Cake with a big ball"). This sport and it is one in every sense of the word is gaining in prominence by leaps and bounds, and should be right up at the top of the sporting ladder in the not too distant future. Locally, interest in the game is at an all time high, and although league formation has not as yet taken place, one



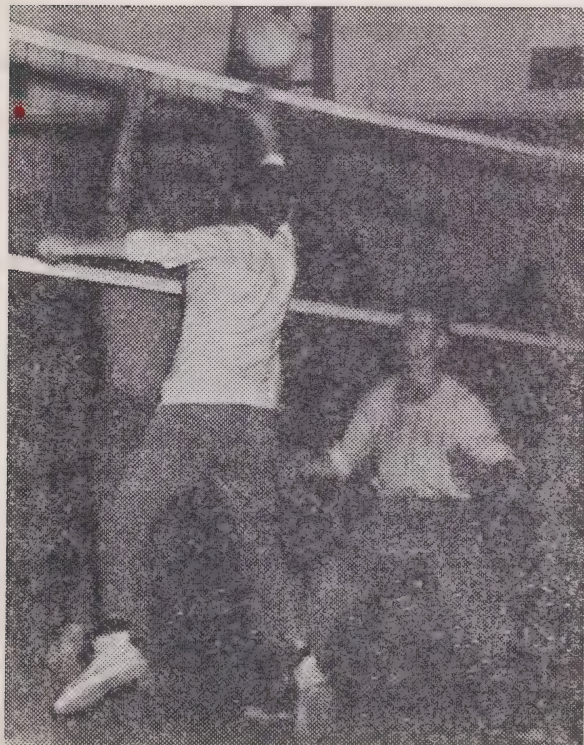
will be in full swing as this article goes to press. The large number of players turning out for the pick-up games attests to its growing popularity, and if enthusiasm gives any indication of success, this sport will get a long and heavy run.

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Curling! Like hockey will be getting off the ground as soon as the big-freeze sets in. The ice-makers are already hard at work getting the sheets in top condition for the kick-off bonspiel which Curling Commish John McIntosh has tentatively planned for the 19th. Approximately twenty rinks will be in action this year, and this figure could rise sharply as play gets under way, with some of the better shotmakers in the area, making their homes here at happy hollow, the competition will be fierce and on par with the best.

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Before closing for another sixty days, I would like to take this opportunity to personally wish one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Bountifull New Year.



The photo at the left shows the action from one of our league games.

## SPORTSMEN'S BANQUET

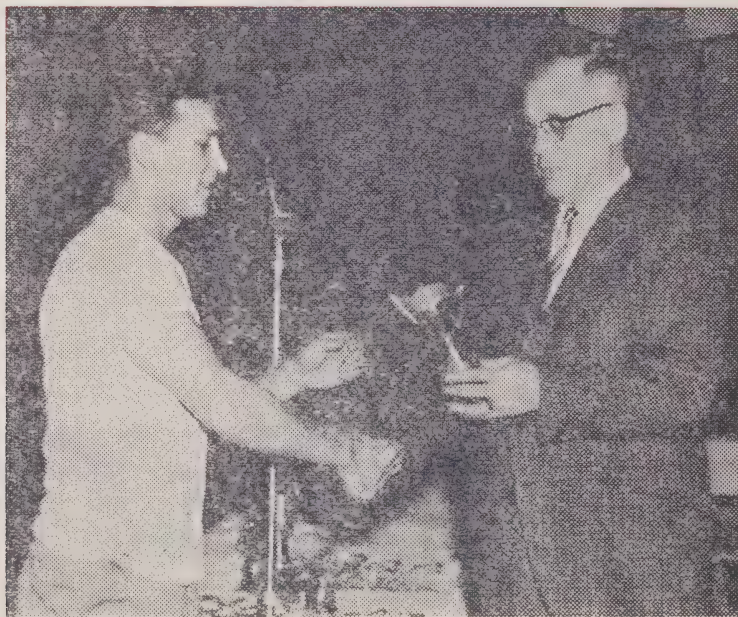
On Saturday, November 6th, the semi-annual sportsmen's banquet was held in the Penitentiary Auditorium. Approximately 120 men attended the dinner given in honor of the athletes, who having participated in the past season's sporting events had emerged champions in their respective leagues.

Guest speaker for the occasion was C.A. Williamson. He spoke of the individual and team contributions made over the past year towards improving the sport's program. In his talk, special tribute was also paid the officials who gave freely of **their** time throughout the season.

Following this, Mr. Williamson and Red Dergo the Master of Ceremonies for the evening awarded the Trophies and pennants to the winners; they were as follow;

|                      | <u>"A" LEAGUE</u> | <u>"B" LEAGUE</u> | <u>"C" LEAGUE</u> |
|----------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| <u>PENNANT</u>       | ASTRO'S           | HORNETS           | ORIOLES           |
| <u>BATTING CROWN</u> | BERGEN(Astros)    | PAUL(007's)       | MAC ARTHUR(Cubs)  |

Norm Roy receiving trophy for The Astros, "A" League Champions.





## INMATE RECREATION COMMITTEE

The Recreation Committee held a meeting with Commissioner of Penitentiaries, Mr. J.A. McLeod, and Mr. C.A. Williamson, the A/D.W. (IT). Due to the many decisions still pending, a further report will be made by the Committee, once these decisions have been clarified by the local Administration.

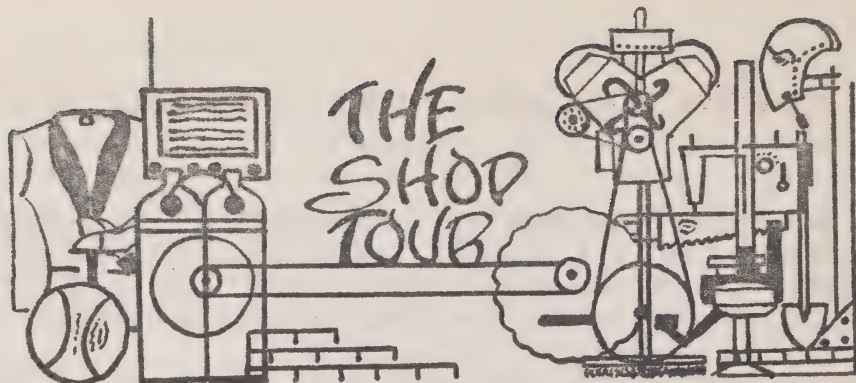
The Committee members are doing their best to secure everything possible in the way of recreation and entertainment, and they hope to announce the results as soon as possible.

The distribution of responsibilities are as follows:-

|                         |                               |               |             |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------|-------------|
| John McIntosh: Chairman | Bob Stevenson: Sec-Treasurer. |               |             |
| Gerry Cole              | Kingfish Evans                | Red Dergo     | Art Rennie. |
| Entertainment           | Outside Sports                | Inside Sports | Spare       |



Back Row, from left to right: Bob Stevenson, Art Rennie and Red Dergo. Front Row: John McIntosh, Kingfish Evans, Gerry Cole



# VOCATIONAL PAINT SHOP-

The instructor of this shop is Mr. N. Fall. He has been in the painting trade since 1939. During the second World war, his service included three years as an inspector of aircraft. He has held his present position as Vocational Paint Shop Instructor, since February 1954.

Upon completion of this seven-month course, the graduates, after five months of practical training, are eligible to write a governmental exam that will qualify them with first-year credits as an apprentice. Statistics show that all men who have taken this exam have passed with commendable marks.

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# THE MEANING OF

## CHRISTMAS



Once again, Christmas looms in the immediate future, and the established routine of the world is being disrupted as we hit the pace in our preparations for the celebration of this universal holiday.

What is Christmas?

To the inmates in all penitentiaries, in Canada and the United States, this great day has degenerated into just another frame in the calendar, although in most institutions, it does mean something special in the tangible things of life—a good dinner, some delicacies, special privileges, extra movies, and a few concessions. And, ironically, a few days off. Off from what?

My assignment for this article was, specifically, the mood and feeling of Christmas. I find this to be rather difficult as an undertaking because, at this exact moment, there is no feeling of any kind worth writing about.

Perhaps, at this writing, the festive season is still too far off to really feel anything, good or bad. But if I were to base my text on the feelings experienced on past Christmases, spent in this institution, or any other, I would come to the conclusion that I have nothing interesting or valid to write about. Then, recalling the Christmases passed in the outside world, between prison terms, I find that the disorganized life I was leading interfered much too much with my normal moods and attitude to qualify me to write about the feelings of ordinary people about this holiday season.

Others, more competent than I, have already written about the artificiality and commercialism of Christmas, and there is nothing I can add to what they have said so effectively. But I can recall the ordinary citizens with whom I had socialized, whose attitude towards Christmas is negative. To them, the festive season means nothing but added expense, disrupted routine, the discomforts of too much celebrating, the sudden

emptiness and nothingness that follow as soon as the world gets back to normal, and the realization after each such holiday season that it was just an overblown affair that leaves a big void in its wake and a lot of unpaid bills, which usually take months of careful budgeting to compensate.

Going back to my younger days—I am still a young man, incidentally—I remember that Christmas was quite an occasion to us, and we had always looked forward to it as the Holiday of Holidays. My mother would start preparing for it a long time in advance, as is the custom with French Canadian people, to whom Christmas is primarily a family holiday, and the female element of the family, reinforced by grandmothers, spinster aunts, unmarried sisters, and so on, devote a great deal of time, energy and initiative to preparing the unbelievably huge assortment of foodstuff that is devoured on the Big Day.

As for the feast itself, the more uncles and aunts, cousins and nephews or nieces who show up, the merrier it is. Still more important than Christmas Day dinner is the all-night party to which all the members of the family are invited, and the neighbors, friends and casual callers drop in for a quick one and a hearty and sincere exchange of greetings.

Now that I look back, in almost-mature retrospect, I find that the one salient memory of it all was of the continuous striving to realize what I really wanted, at the time, or what it was I expected of, or hoped for, Christmas. I never could pin it down to something concrete, and I still can't. Sure, I enjoyed the good food and what fun there was, but there it seemed to end.

There were incidental high lights, of course. Christmas Eve, for example. It used to be the longest day for me, in my childhood, just as it must have been for all children. The thought of not knowing what I would get for Christmas, in relation to what I deserved, or what I was really hoping to get, added to the excitement and anticipation. But this was of a transitional nature, and the Big Moment of Expectation was inevitably followed by the unavoidable anticlimax that comes to all people, young or old, deserving or unrewarded, when the tree is taken down, order is restored, and it's back to the normal routine.

The memories live on. Of good food, good times, good spirits in the true sense of the word, as we knew it.

Where, on my weary way, have I lost that sense of Christmas?



MISS PATRICIA



The socks were hung,  
 in the x'mas routine,  
 in hopes that the fat man,  
 would soon make the scene.

FRED PAGE

# penal press

INSIDE WORLD, Parchman Miss.

I would like to commend this publication on the good taste displayed in liberating and printing, verbatim, our subscription ad.

STOCKADE, Victoria, Australia.

We have been receiving your mag for some time, and we're pleased that our sister commonwealth has joined the ranks. We noted the great improvement in presentation in the last issue.

REFLECTOR, Shakopee, Minn.

We certainly enjoyed reading the history of this publication and the other interesting information by Sandy in "FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK."

THE BRIDGE, Somers, Conn.

We would like to remark on the exceptional human-interest story by John R. Ceasar, "Southern Hospitality." At the same time, we would like to commend your whole staff on the persistently high quality of your magazine.

COURIER, Baltimore, Maryland.

I am sure that many other Penal Press exchange editors are as reluctant to write up this magazine as I am, because of the great amount of favorable publicity it receives after each and every issue. But I felt that the October issue was so outstanding that I could not avoid mentioning how enlightening, entertaining and informative we, up here in the wilds of Canada, found it to be.

THE DIAMOND, Kingston, Ont.

Because you are operating under the same directives as we are, we can fully appreciate the efforts you make to produce such a fine magazine.



# On the Prowl!!!

## FOR . . .

# NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS



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